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THE WISHBONE CHILDREN

By

ELOISE BYINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY
KATHLEEN FRANTZ

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ELOISE BYINGTON.

AUTHOR OF DOLL-LAND STORIES. ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

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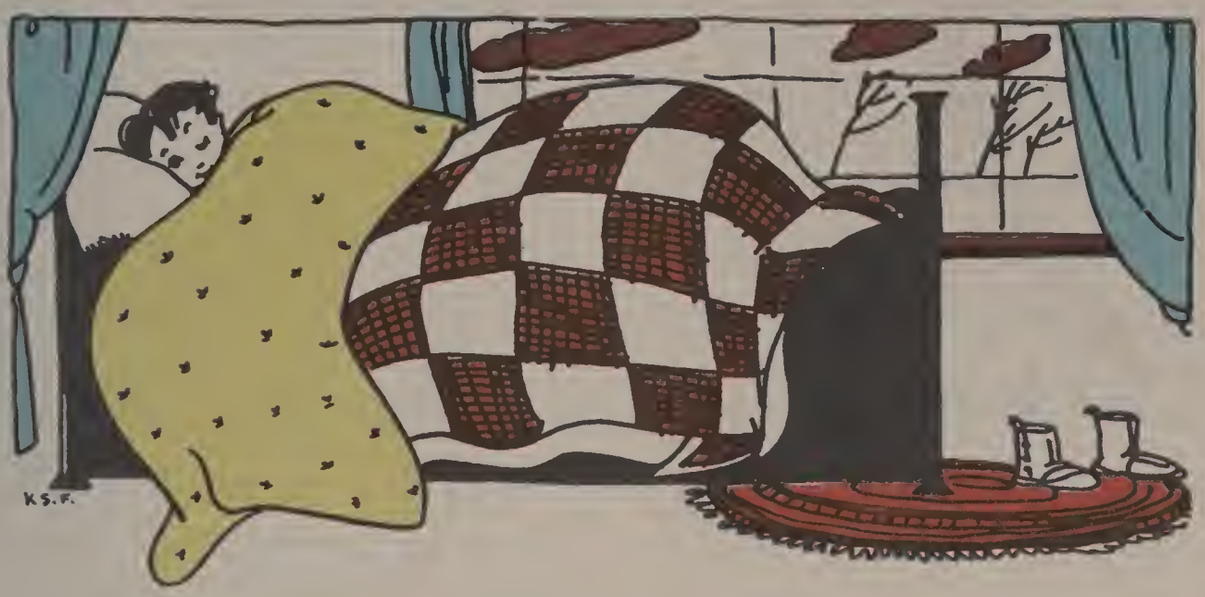
THE WISHBONE CHILDREN

They were off!



TOMMY AND THE FISH

TOMMY opened first one eye and then the other. He peeked out from under the covers. A cloudy day! What was the sense of getting up and going to school? Perhaps it would rain. He would just take another nap and pretend he did not hear Mother call, "Sally! Tommy! Time to get up, my dears."

Tommy and Sally were brother and sister. They were twins. Both were tall and slender. Once, when they were standing with their shoulders together, Father remarked, "They look just like a big wishbone!" The name seemed to please all their friends, so from

then on everyone called them The Wishbone Children—Sally Wishbone and Tommy Wishbone.

Both children slept in the nursery, each had a separate bed on opposite sides of the big room. After mother called, Tommy heard Sally climbing out of her bed across the room. He could tell by the squeak, squeak, squeak of the bed when she moved. Then he heard her pull her shoes from under the bed. Tommy did not move at all and he kept his eyes tight shut.

He did not fool Sally one bit and quick as a wink, she ran across the room and Whisk . . . Off went the bedclothes from Tommy. Of course he might as well get up then.

Suddenly Tommy remembered. It was Saturday. There would be no school today. Tommy rushed down to breakfast in a great hurry, for he was going fishing. He had a new fish pole. His mother packed his lunch in a basket—bread and jam and cookies, and two apples. He put on his rubber boots to keep his feet dry if he had to wade in the water.

Tommy promised Mother he would fish in the brook behind Farmer Brown's barn and that he would not go out of sight of Farmer Brown's house. He kissed Mother good-by, waved to Sally, and started off just as he had often seen Father do when he went fishing.

"I'll bring you some nice fish for dinner," he called back.

Mother smiled. Then she went to the telephone and ordered some lamb chops.

Tommy went on down the road and across Farmer Brown's field, and so on to the brook. There was a large stone beside the brook and Tommy thought it a fine

place to sit. He took a worm from an old tin can and put it on his fish hook, then threw the line into the water.

Tommy sat very still and did not make a sound to scare away the fish. Pretty soon he felt a tiny nibble and then a tiny jerk on his line. He pulled it in, and there was a little fish two inches long. He put it into his basket.

Into the water went his line once more. This time Tommy waited a little longer, sitting very still. Then there was a little nibble and a little jerk, and out he pulled another little fish three inches long. He put it into his basket.

Into the water again went his line. This time he waited and waited, sitting very still. Then there was a nibble and a jerk, and out he pulled a little fish four inches long. This one he also put into his basket.

"Well," thought Tommy, as he once more threw his line into the water, "I have three fish for supper, one for Sally, one for Mother, and one for Father. Now I must catch one for myself."

Suddenly there was a BIG jerk.

Then he said out loud, "I wish this one would be almost as large as a whale!"

Suddenly there was a BIG jerk and a BIG pull, and into the water went Tommy, boots and all! Over went the basket and the three little fish went swimming away. Tommy held on to his fish pole which bent this way and that way, but still he held on. Flippety-flop—he went through the water which was not very deep. Sometimes he was in the water. Sometimes he was out of the water. But still he held on to the pole.

Tommy could see a big black fish splashing through the water. Tommy tried to stand up but he slipped in the mud and fell again into the water. He looked back. He could just see Farmer Brown's house. In another minute it would be out of sight.

Tommy remembered his promise to Mother, so he let go of his fish pole. Down he went into the water again, but he quickly scrambled up and out onto the bank. Fish and pole were gone.

Slowly Tommy walked back to the large

stone. There he found an empty basket where the little fish had been. Even his lunch was floating in the water.

Tommy shook his head sadly, and started for home. He ate two lamb chops for dinner.

There was Sally held fast.

SALLY'S CURLS

Sally was a merry, jolly little girl. She could run as fast as the boys and often played with Tommy and his friends. Some days she would put on Tommy's clothes and try to look just like a boy. It was great fun then to climb and jump and run, except for just one thing. Sally had long yellow CURLS. These curls would catch on the little trees and bushes when Sally rushed by, and oh, how many snarls this made! When she brushed her hair at night, sometimes tears came into Sally's eyes as she tried to untangle the snarls.

Tommy did not have curls. His hair was straight and black and he parted it on the side just like Father's. Sometimes Father called Sally his "curly-locks." He would say, "Come on, Curly-locks, sew up a seam, and you shall have strawberries, sugar and cream!"

Sally loved strawberries, and Father really did have a strawberry bed in the garden. A fine bed of them, planted in rows with straw laid down between to keep the berries dry and clean. Father was very proud of his strawberry bed and said he was sure to have the largest berries in town.

He watched the pretty white blossoms come, then change into tiny little green berries. These grew larger and larger, and at last began to have pretty pink cheeks.

"I think we may have some berries by Sunday," said Father one morning, and he thought of how good they would taste for breakfast.

Saturday morning Sally put on some of Tommy's clothes and went out to play with

the boys. They raced and climbed and after a while Sally was warm and thirsty. She would go to the kitchen for a drink of water. On the way, she passed the garden, and there was Father's strawberry bed. The berries now were quite red and looked fat and juicy and very good to a thirsty little girl. Sally loved strawberries!

"Father would not want you to touch them," whispered Sally's good little self.

"Father would not care one bit," whispered Sally's bad little self.

"They belong to Father," whispered Sally's good little self.

"They are for us all," whispered Sally's bad little self.

Sally stood there wondering. First she stood on one foot; then she stood on the other foot.

"I wish I knew what to do," said Sally.

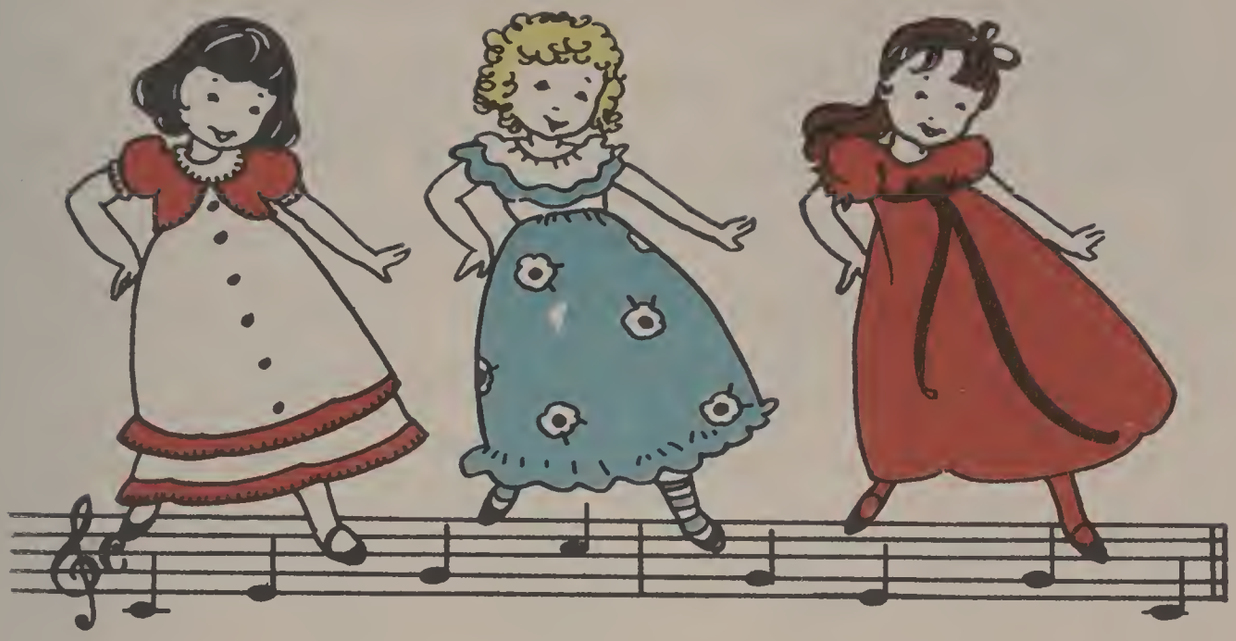
An old lilac bush stood by the strawberry bed. It had crooked old branches.

Finally Sally lifted her hand and took a very few berries!

Just then a merry little wind came along with a swish. It blew Sally's curls tight around a branch of the old lilac bush. The wind blew and blew and snarled her hair, and there was Sally held fast! She could not untangle her curls. If she even moved, it hurt her.

When Father came home, he found Sally there beside his strawberry bed, looking very ashamed indeed. He gently unwound and untangled her hair from the old lilac bush. The longest curl of all he had to cut to get loose. Then he gave it to Sally, saying gravely,

"Put that in your pocket, daughter, to help you remember not to touch things which belong to someone else."



TOMMY GOES TO DANCING SCHOOL

Tommy did not like to go to Dancing School. Sally loved to go. She liked to wear her best clothes, and look as pretty as she could. She liked to stand in a row with the other girls and boys and slide, slide, slide, to music! In fact she liked everything about Dancing School, while Tommy did not like one single thing about it.

Each Friday afternoon he tried to think of some excuse to stay at home. Mother wanted him to go because she knew that some day Tommy would be glad he knew how to dance like other boys.

On this Friday afternoon Tommy walked slowly home from school. On other days in the week he ran, but this was Dancing School day. Sally was already dressed and sitting in the window watching for Tommy.

"Hurry up, Tommy," she called, "We will be late."

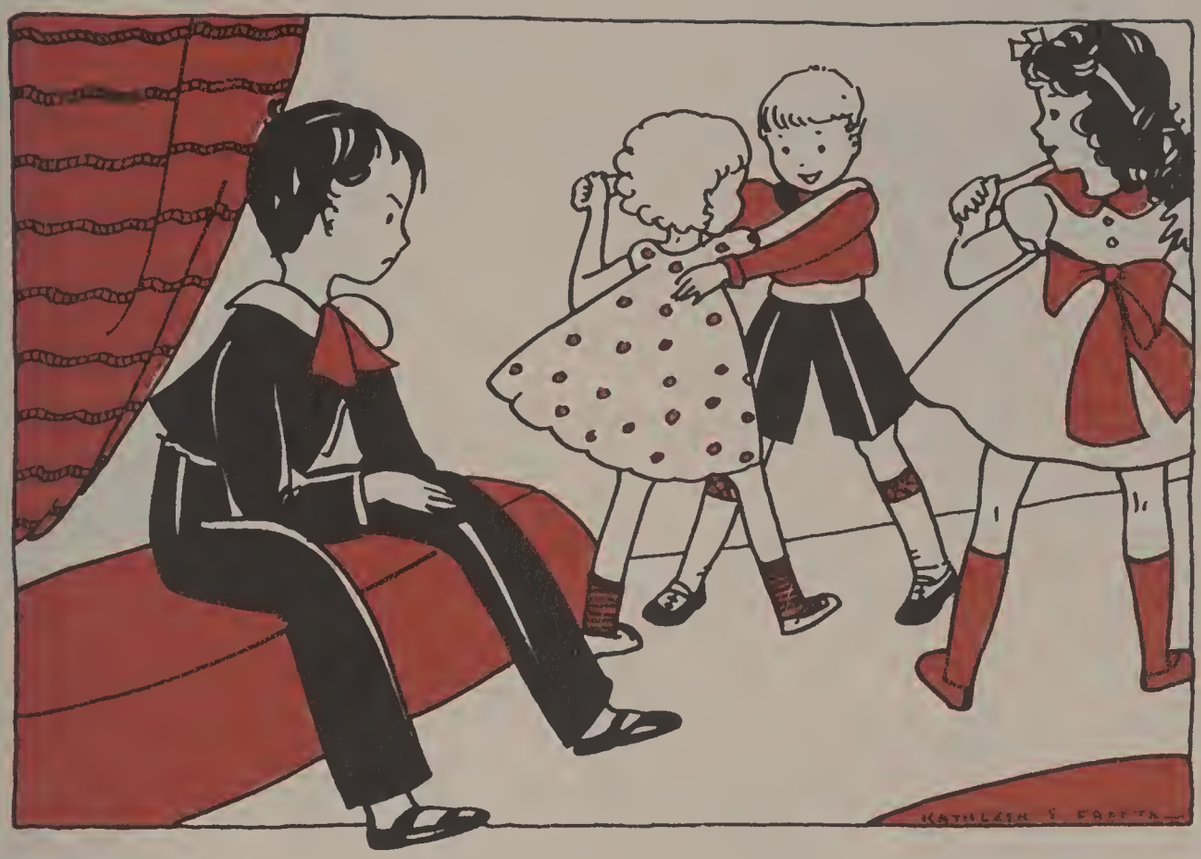
"I don't care," said Tommy crossly, "I have a pain in my leg."

"That's just because it's Dancing School day."

"Hurry, Tommy," called Mother from upstairs.

Slowly the little boy climbed the stairs. Mother wasted no time. She scrubbed Tommy's face, ears, and neck, and brushed his hair and put on his very best suit. She put on his patent leather shoes. In spite of himself Tommy felt a little proud when he saw how fine he looked.

On the way to Dancing School with Sally, he passed some boys playing ball. That made him cross again. He wanted to play too. He pouted his lips and scowled as hard as he could and said,



"I just don't like Dancing School."

"Oh, yes, you do," said Sally. "You will have fun when you get there. But don't look so cross!"

"I don't care. I like to look cross," said Tommy. "I wish I looked like this all the time."

As Tommy and Sally walked along, his busy mind began to imagine that he really did look like that. Just suppose he did look

Tommy marched with Susie Horner.

cross all the time. In his mind he went on to Dancing School.

Here he found a crowd of jolly boys and girls.

"Come on, Tommy, it's time to start," they called to him.

Tommy heard them laugh and talk. He tried to laugh too. HE COULD NOT LAUGH. His lips stayed fast in a great big pout. His face stayed fast in a great big scowl. He had *wished* to look like that.

The children chose partners and formed a long line to march down the room. Tommy marched with Susie Horner, a very fat little girl and a very jolly one. She smiled all the time they were marching, so they were a funny pair. Susie's face was all dimples and smiles, and Tommy's all frowns and pouts. The other children laughed to see them and then even the grown people who were watching had to laugh.

Tommy wanted to laugh too and pretend that he knew the joke. But he could only scowl more than ever, and then the children

laughed more than ever. When the march was over, he sat by himself. The other boys did not want to come near him, he looked too cross. The teacher did not ask him to dance. He looked too cross.

There he sat all by himself, and the queer thing was that the more he sat alone, the more he wanted to talk with the others and dance with the others, and LAUGH with the others; and he could not do so.

Suddenly Tommy laughed aloud as he walked along to Dancing School with Sally. Oh! How glad he was that he could laugh, and that he really had *not* been to Dancing School when he could not laugh. He was a much happier boy when he arrived at Dancing School.

SALLY GOES VISITING

Sally met the postman at the door, wishing him good morning with a pleasant smile. That was before she knew that he had a letter addressed to her. When she saw it there on top of the other letters, her pleasant smile turned into a real laugh.

Quickly she ran to Mother.

"Look what I have! A letter from Aunt Sue. What do you suppose it says? Let me open it."

"Open it, dear, and see," said Mother.

Dear Sally:

How would you like to come and visit me for a week? You may bring Tommy also if he cares to come and if Mother is willing. I will meet the two o'clock train on Tuesday if you write that you will come.

Lovingly

Aunt Sue

Sally clapped her hands. "Oh, Mother, what fun that will be. I hope Tommy goes too."

But Tommy did not want to go visiting, so on Tuesday afternoon Sally started off alone. Mother put her on the train and Aunt Sue would meet her.

Sally had a little suitcase with her clothes

They talked and talked.

neatly packed in it. She had on her best blue coat and her best blue hat, and she carried a box of candy all tied up with ribbon. That was a present to Aunt Sue from Tommy.

Across the aisle on the train sat another little girl. She looked very much like Sally. Her mother had brought her to the train too, and just like Sally's Mother, she had asked the conductor to take care of her little girl.

"You girls might sit together," said the jolly conductor.

So Sally moved across and sat with the other little girl. Her name was Dorothy Duck.

The train ran very fast, and Sally and Dorothy talked very fast too. They talked and talked as little girls will. They talked about their dolls. They talked about their school. They talked about games they liked to play.

Sally was seven years old. Dorothy was six and a half. Sally's favorite color was blue. Dorothy's was pink. Then they looked out of the window and counted the telegraph poles as they passed.

"I am going to visit my Aunt Sue," said Sally, "and it is the first time I've ever been visiting alone."

"I am going to visit my Aunt Kate," said Dorothy, "and it is the first time I have ever been visiting alone."

"Oh," said Sally, "I wish you were going to visit right next door to my Aunt Sue's."

"So do I," said Dorothy.

"Well, girls," said the jolly conductor, "time to put on your coats. We are almost there."

He led them to the door and when the train had stopped, he lifted them down to

the platform. There stood Sally's Aunt Sue. There stood Dorothy's Aunt Kate.

Sally was very excited. She gave Aunt Sue a great big hug.

"I've been wishing," she cried, "that Dorothy could visit right next door to your house."

"Why, bless your heart, she is going to," said Aunt Sue. "That is why I asked you to come and visit me."

With that the two little girls skipped down the street.

TOMMY AND THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

It was the day of the Sunday School picnic. Tommy and Sally were up bright and early. Mother did not need to tell them to wash their faces and brush their hair carefully. Oh no. Both twins looked spick-and-span, and were downstairs for breakfast before it was ready.

They ate every bit of their fruit and their cereal, and Mother did not once say, "Hurry, Tommy," or "Sally, if you do not eat, you will be late." Mother thought how nice it would be if every school day morning was like a picnic morning.

The children were to meet at the Sunday School at ten o'clock. A large bus would be there to take the children to the picnic grounds. Tommy had fifteen cents to spend and Sally had fifteen cents to spend. Father had given each of them three nickels.

"I am going to spend five cents on the merry-go-round," said Sally, "and five cents for a ride on the swings, and five cents for pop corn."

"Ho," said Tommy, "we will get enough to eat at lunch time. I don't want pop corn. I am going to spend all of my money on the merry-go-round. I want to ride on a big black horse, and ride and ride and ride!"

"You can't ride so very long on three nickels," said Sally.

But Tommy said, "Just wait and see!"

This was the first time Mother had allowed them to go on the merry-go-round at all, and Tommy was sure he would like it.

When they reached the picnic grounds with the other children, they ran about looking at all the sights. Soon Tommy and Sally

found the merry-go-round, and there was a big black horse! Tommy climbed up on his back, and a man tied a strap around the little boy so that he could not fall. Sally rode on a giraffe, and put her arm tight around the giraffe's long neck.

The bell rang. The music played, and they were riding! It was all just as nice as they had expected. When the bell rang for the merry-go-round to stop, Sally climbed down from the giraffe.

"I am going to buy some pop corn," she said.

But Tommy told the man that he would ride again. He gave him another nickel.

The bell rang. The music played, and they were riding! It was just as nice, even nicer than the first time, thought Tommy. He sat up straight and held the reins as round and round he went. When the bell rang again and they had stopped, Tommy told the man that he would ride again, and he gave him his last nickel.

The bell rang. The music played, and

they were riding! It was just as nice, even nicer than the other two times, thought Tommy. He sat up straight and held the reins and round and round he went. Then the bell rang again for the merry-go-round to stop and Tommy did not have another nickel.

"Oh, dear," he said, "I wish the merry-go-round would not stop. I wish I could ride for an hour."

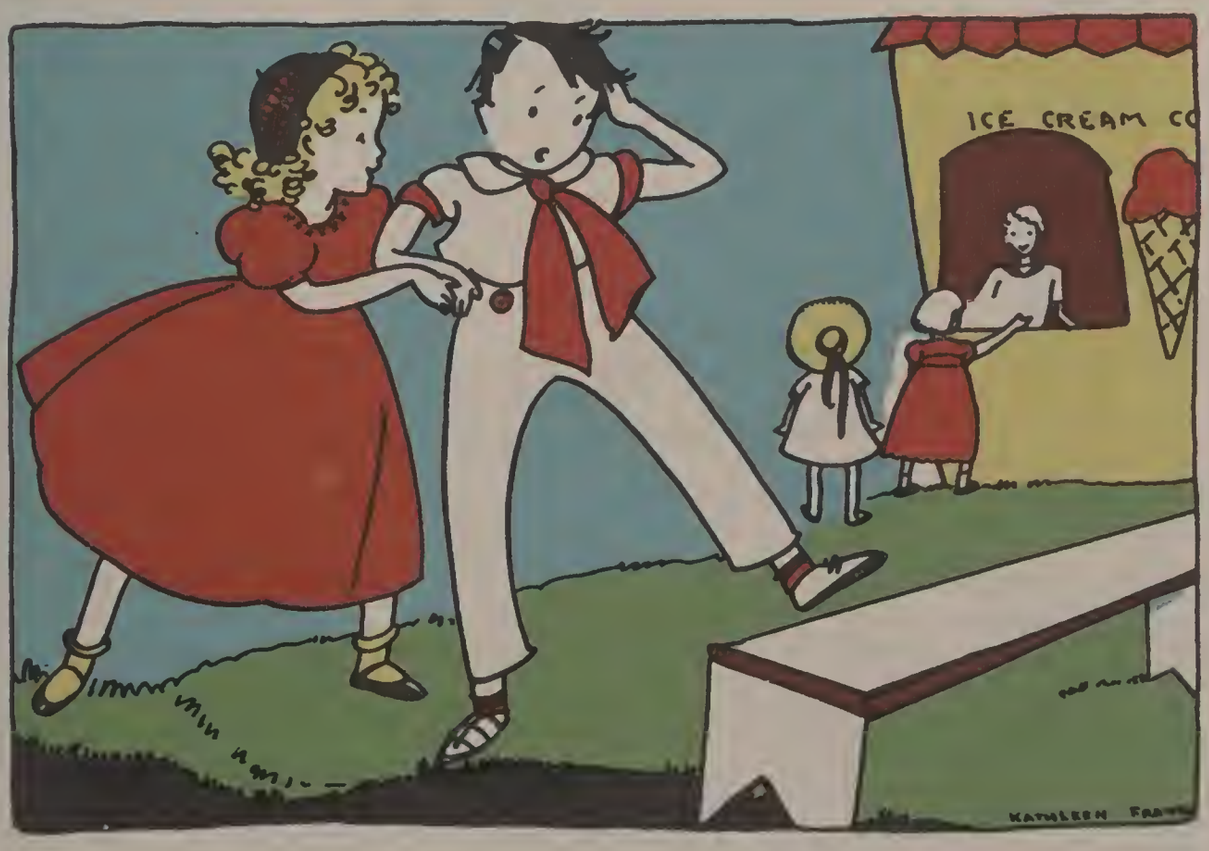
Then Tommy noticed that the merry-go-round kept on going around. It did not slow down at all. The man thought there was something wrong with the machinery, but Tommy thought that it was because of his wish.

Round and round and round they went,

then round and round some more. After a while Tommy began to feel dizzy, but still the merry-go-round went on. The music played but Tommy did not think it sounded very pretty.

Round and round and round they went, then round and round some more. Tommy felt more dizzy, and then he began to feel sick. He could hardly hold on to the reins, but the strap held him so that he could not fall.

Round and round and round they went. Would the merry-go-round NEVER stop?



Yes, soon it began to go more slowly. At last it was standing still. The man lifted Tommy down from the horse. He was so dizzy he could hardly walk and Sally helped him to a bench where he quickly sat down. His head ached and he still felt sick.

When lunch was ready, Tommy did not want to eat. Not even good ice cream.

SALLY AND HER NEW DRESS

Sally and Mother went shopping to buy Sally some cloth for a new dress. Sally chose the color herself. It was blue. Mother chose the material. It was soft and silky and had pretty flowers on it. Then she bought a pattern to fit a little girl seven years old.

For two or three days Mother was busy. She cut and basted and stitched and sewed. At last the dress was finished. Puff sleeves, bows on the shoulder, oh, it was a pretty dress. Sally felt very proud of it. She wanted to wear it all the time, even when she was playing with Tommy and the boys. She did not want to wear boys' clothes any more.

Mother said that would never do for she would soon tear or spot the dress. She must wear old clothes when playing, but she could wear the dress to school. Sally was delighted to do that. She was very vain about it and wanted the other girls to wish for a dress like hers.

She made excuses to walk up and down the school room. If the children did not look at her, she put her heels down hard to make them hear.

"Look at Sally," whispered one little girl, "she's as vain as a peacock."

At recess, Sally did not play games with

the others. She might spoil her dress. So she stood and watched some men at work. They were mending the roof of the school house. It was not as much fun to watch them as to play games, but she must think of her dress.

The next day at school was just the same. Sally felt just as vain and acted just the same. Again she would not play games. She was very glad that the weather was warm so that she did not need to wear a coat. That would hide her new dress. Now everyone could see how nice it was if they looked at her.

But Sally noticed that they did not look at

her. Yesterday they had said, "See Sally's pretty new dress."

Today they did not bother. They were tired of such a vain little girl. They did not ask her to play. They did not even look at her.

This did not please Sally at all. She stood on one foot, and then on the other. She pulled at one shoulder bow, and then at the other. She coughed softly, then she coughed loudly, but no one even looked her way. Even the men mending the roof did not look down, and there Sally stood, near the ladder, thinking about her pretty dress. No one else thought about it at all.

Sally could bear it no longer. She stamped her foot and said, "I wish they would all look at me."

Now when she stamped her foot she hit against the ladder. When she hit against the ladder she jiggled it. When she jiggled it she jiggled the man on top of the ladder, and when he jiggled he upset the pail of green paint he was using on the roof.

"Look out down there!" he shouted. But he was too late. There stood Sally, covered with green paint. Her curls, her dress, her hands, her shoes. She was a sight.

How the children laughed. Now every one of them looked at Sally. She had-had her wish, but instead of pleasing her, it made her cry.

The teacher cleaned off the paint as best she could. Then Sally went home where Mother put her in the bath tub. The next day Sally wore another dress to school. It was not so new and not so pretty as the other. Sally did not feel so vain. But she had MUCH MORE FUN.

TOMMY'S CANDY STORE

Tommy, like other little boys, often thought what he would do when he grew up to be a man. Some days he thought he would like to run a trolley car. Some days he thought he would like to run a train. Some days he thought he would like to be a fireman. Some days he thought he would like to be a policeman. But most days he thought he would like to own a candy store.

He would have a very large one with win-

dows in the front where he would put chocolates, bon bons, lollipops, gum drops and candy canes. All kinds of good things would be in those windows. Inside the store would be glass show cases. All sorts of good things would be in those cases.

The best thing about it would be this—Tommy would own the store. So whenever he felt like it, he could take all the candy he wanted out of the cases or out of the windows, and he could eat and eat and eat.

No one would say, "You have had enough candy for today, Tommy."

Or no one would say, "You may spend just ten cents this time."

Or no one would say, "You may not have that lollipop until after dinner."

No, he might eat all the candy he wanted and whenever he wanted. Oh yes, and ice cream. Tommy would keep ice cream in his store.

One day just before Christmas, Tommy went down the street to play with another little boy by the name of Jim. Jim's mother

was not at home. She was at the church getting ready for the Christmas Fair. Fannie, her cook, told the boys they might play in the attic.

The attic was fine and large, with four windows where the sunshine could come in. The boys played with Jim's toy train and laid the tracks on the attic floor.

"I may be an engineer when I grow up," said Tommy.

"Ho," said Jim, "I'm going to be a policeman. I have a policeman's suit now," and he put on the suit for Tommy to see. They played policeman for a while.

Then Tommy said, "Let's play store."

They moved a table to use for a counter and stood some boxes on end for show cases. Then Jim said,

"What shall we keep in this store?"

"CANDY," said Tommy firmly. "But where shall we get the goods?"

"I know," said Jim. "Come with me."

Downstairs they went to the guest room closet. There they saw box after box, row upon row.

"What is it?" asked Tommy.

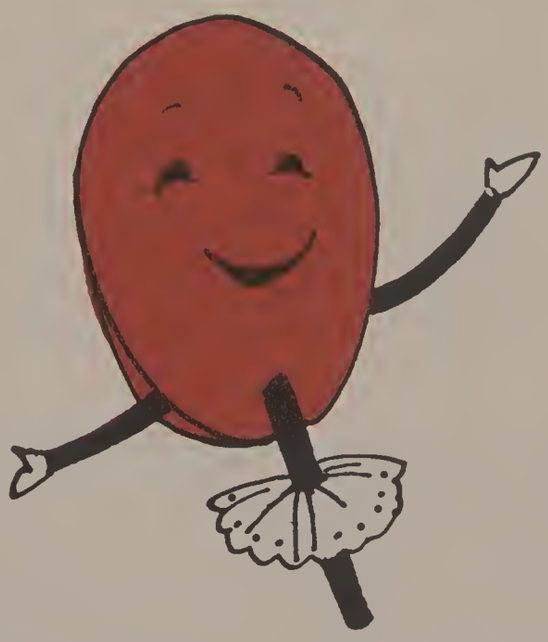
"CANDY," said Jim. "It is for the Church Fair tomorrow. My mother ordered it. I heard her say there was more than could ever be sold. It won't matter if we play store with it."

Tommy did not feel sure about this, but he helped Jim carry some boxes to the attic. Down they came again for more.

At last they had it unpacked—chocolates, bon bons, lollipops, and all the rest, just as Tommy wanted. They filled their cases and their counter.

"Now we must wait for business," said Jim.

"Do you suppose we could eat some?" said



Tommy. "There's not much use in owning a candy store unless you can eat all you want."

"It won't really matter," said Jim. "My mother said there was more than enough."

"I'll try one of these," said Tommy. He took a fat chocolate.

Jim took one too.

"I'll try one of these," said Tommy. He took a large bonbon.

Jim took one too.

"I'll try one of these," said Tommy. He took an orange lollipop.

Jim took one too.

Then said Tommy, "I wish this really was our store and we could eat all we want."

"Let's play it is!" said Jim.

The two boys ate and they ate, first one kind and then another. After awhile Tommy said, "I don't want any more chocolates."

Jim said, "I don't want any more bonbons."

Then Tommy sighed, "That last lollipop did not taste very good."

"I feel sick," said Jim.

"I feel sick too," said Tommy.

And they both said, "Let's close the store and lie down."

That night Tommy was tucked in bed at five o'clock. He looked very pale. Beside his bed was a bottle of pills. The doctor had left the pills.

When Sally came to bed at eight o'clock, Tommy was still awake. He had a pain in his stomach. He had decided it would not be so much fun to have a candy store after all.

SALLY AND HER MUSIC LESSON

Sally took music lessons. Her teacher said that some day Sally would play very nicely, BUT she must practice every day. Like many other little girls, Sally did not like to practice. She liked to sit at the piano and play a new piece every day. No matter if she did not play it right. No matter if her fingers did get mixed up.

She would fuss and groan and grumble whenever practice time came around. Mother grew tired of scolding and often Sally went to the piano with tears upon her cheeks.

One day her music teacher gave her a new

piece of music to study. It was dance music—a minuet. Sally was delighted and said she would work hard and practice it every day. And so she did—the first day. She counted the time and lifted her fingers high and held her wrists evenly. The second day came and Sally did not try quite so hard.

Then the third day Mother had to say, "You *must* do your practicing."

Sally did not feel very pleasant about it. She said to herself, "I hate to practice. I would much rather be outdoors this lovely day!"

Of course the more she said this, the more she thought it; and the more she thought it, the more unhappy she was. The more unhappy she was, the more mistakes she made with her minuet.

At last she felt so cross that she jumped down from the piano bench.

"I do not want to play that old piece again," she said, "I wish something would happen to it." Then she walked to the open window and looked out.

At the same moment Whisk . . . and the sheet of music blew out of the window. Sally tried to catch it as it went by, for she really did not want to lose it. But she could not catch it.

Sally ran outdoors. There was the music on the lawn. Sally ran to pick it up, but away it blew across the lawn and into the orchard. There it stuck fast in an old apple tree.

"I will climb up and get it," thought Sally. She climbed the tree and out onto the

He quickly chewed it to bits.

branch. Just as she reached the music along came the wind and away went the music through the air again.

This time it flew like a kite over the fields. Then down it floated ever so gently to the ground, right near Farmer Brown's barn.

"Now I will surely have it," said Sally as she ran along. But a merry little breeze reached it first. Just as Sally reached it, the breeze puffed and blew and up went the music and over the fence, right into the pen where Farmer Brown kept his greedy old pig!

The greedy old pig thought, "Ho, ho, ho. Something more to eat." He quickly chewed it to bits and down his throat it went.

"Oh," said Sally to herself. "Now I will never see that music again."

She felt quite tired after her chase, so she went into Farmer Brown's barn and climbed up into the hay. How drowsy she felt! She would take a little nap on the soft hay before going home. The hay was so soft and warm that Sally was soon asleep.

As Sally lay there something happened. Out from the hay ran one, two, three, four

cunning kittens. They were little barn kittens. There they stood in a row before her.

"Who is that?" asked one of them, pointing his paw at Sally.

"A little girl who does not practice her music lesson," said another.

"Then she will never know how to play well," said the third little kitten.

"Isn't she silly?" said the fourth.

Then they all said, "MEOW, MEOW, MEOW. We play the piano nicely. We sing well, too. MEOW, MEOW, MEOW. We practice every day."

But when Sally awoke and looked around for the kittens, they were nowhere to be seen.

NOISY TOMMY

Some days Tommy played as quietly as a little girl, that is, a *quiet* little girl. He would amuse himself with his blocks or his books, and Mother could hardly tell that he was in the house.

On other days it would seem as if Tommy could not make noise enough to suit him. He would jump out of bed with a thud. He would drop his shoes on the floor with a bang. Then when finally dressed, he would clatter down the stairs and come to the breakfast table like a whirlwind. He would talk very fast and loud.

This Saturday was one of Tommy's noisy

There was the whole family in the kitchen.

days. Bang! went the front door as he went out to play. He ran across the meadow. He climbed over a stone wall. He skipped across Farmer Brown's field, and stopped to swing on the barnyard gate. He felt strong and happy and well. He also felt like making lots of noise. He gave an Indian war whoop which sent the little chickens scurrying to their mother.

Tommy jumped down from the gate and started down the road again. As he walked along he said to himself,

"Why does Mother tell me not to be noisy? I like to be noisy. I wish I might go to some place where I could make all the noise I like." Then he began to whistle as loudly as he could.

Soon Tommy came to another gate. It was an old green gate. It was half broken down. There was an old green fence which was broken too; and there was an old brown house behind the broken fence. Tommy knew the boys who lived in the old brown house. They went to his school.

He knocked at the door. Nobody came. He knocked again. Nobody came. Then Tommy listened and then he knew why. There was so much noise inside the house that his knock could not be heard. Tommy pounded on the door and Sam opened it. Sam was the boy Tommy knew best.

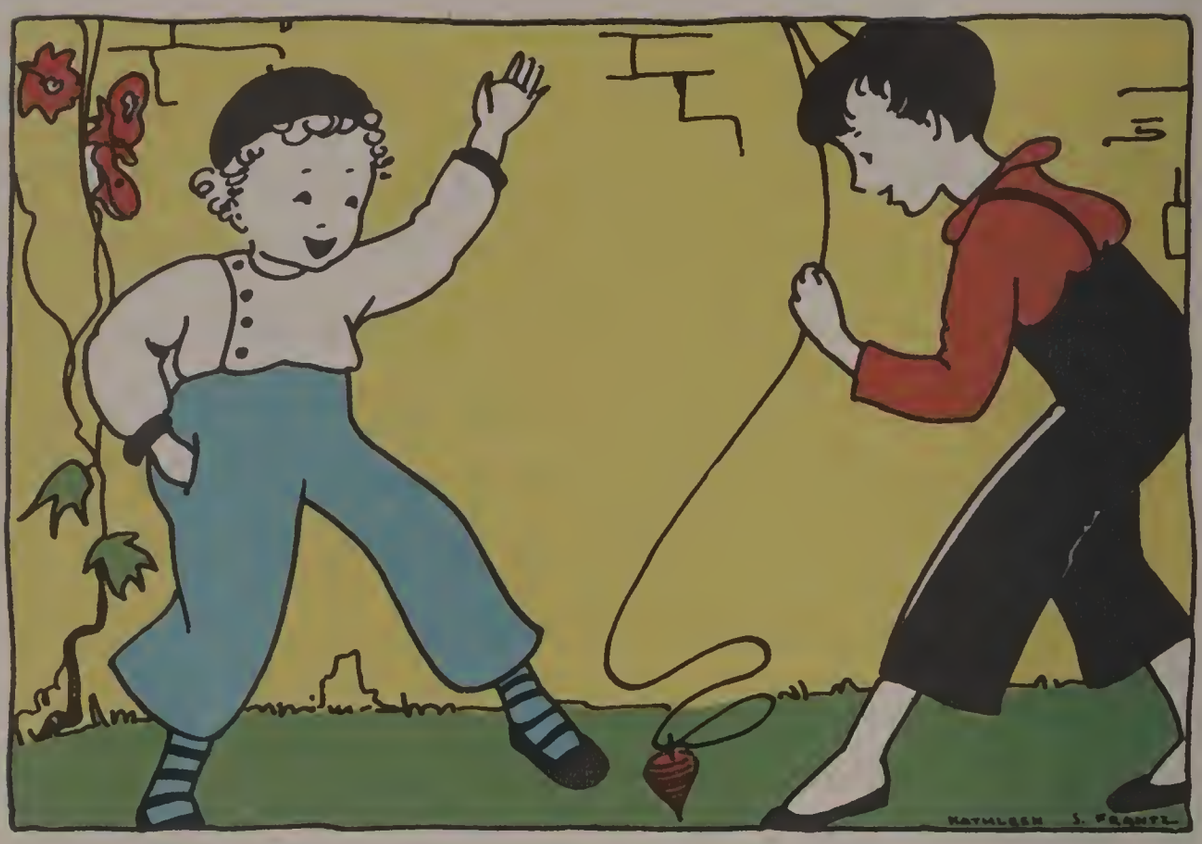
"Hello, Tom," he shouted.

Tom was sure Sam must think he was deaf. He went into the house with Sam.

There was the whole family in the kitchen. Sam's mother was there. Sam's two brothers were there. Sam's three sisters were there. The baby was there, and two dogs were there. Such a noise as there was!

Sam's mother was washing pots and pans, and what a clatter! The boys were shouting at the dogs, and the dogs were barking at the boys. The baby was beating a drum, and the sisters were roller skating. Every time that Sam's mother spoke to the children, she had to shout to make them hear.

"Her voice is not soft and pretty like my mother's," thought Tommy.



This was the kind of place to which he had wished to come. He could make all the noise he liked. So Tommy shouted too and the dogs barked more than ever. After a while Tommy grew tired. His throat felt dry. His head ached. He could not hear what Sam said, and Sam couldn't hear what he said. Then Tommy shook Sam's arm.

"Let's go outside," he said.

"No," shouted Sam, "I like it here."

Then Tommy shouted, "I'm going home."

"I don't care," shouted Sam, "go on."

Tommy shut the door behind him. He was careful not to slam it. He thought he would walk home through the woods. How quiet it seemed! The trees nodded their heads gently as the wind passed by.

"Sh-h, sh-h, sh-h," they said.

"I am glad to hear them say that," said Tommy.

The birds were chirping and twittering.

"How sweet they sound," said Tommy.

Just then there was a loud "Squawk, squawk, squawk," and a flock of blue jays came by.

"Why," said Tommy, "they sound just like Sam's brothers and sisters. Who wants to be as noisy as that!"

SALLY AND THE GINGERBREAD MEN

Sally had a baking set—a little rolling pin, a flour sifter, an egg beater, a mixing bowl, and a large wooden spoon. The set came in a pretty green box, and Sally had found it under the Christmas tree on Christmas morning.

Sally wanted very much to use the set, so Mother told her she would show Sally how to make cake. Mother could make lovely brown gingerbread men, so Sally thought she would like to make lovely brown gingerbread men. She put on one of Mother's aprons. It nearly touched the floor on Sally. Then she rolled up her sleeves and they went to work.

Sally used her little egg beater. She beat the eggs until they were light and fluffy. She carefully measured the flour, the butter, and the sugar. She put in some spices and some raisins.

Then she rolled out the dough with her little rolling pin. What fun it was to cook! Sally had flour on the end of her nose, she had sugar on her cheeks. But she did not mind.

Mother had a cookie cutter shaped just like a little man. She showed Sally how to press it down and cut out the gingerbread men. They used raisins for the eyes and made the noses and mouths with little sugar candies. Soon the gingerbread men were in the oven, and Sally said they must feel hotter than she did on the Fourth of July!

She could hardly wait until they were baked. A half hour had never seemed so long. At last they were ready. Sally took them out of the oven and looked at them with pride. She put them on a big round dish.

Soon they were in the oven.

Mother told her to take one for herself and one for Tommy. Then she put the rest away.

Sally proudly gave a gingerbread man to Tommy. "I made them myself," she said.

"They look good enough to eat," said Tommy.

"That is what we can do with them," said Sally.

Tommy and Sally each ate one gingerbread man.

"They taste so good," said Tommy. "I wish we could eat them all."

"Why can't we?" said Sally. "I made them and I am sure we can eat them all."

So Tommy and Sally ate another ginger-

bread man, and then another and another until they were all gone.

When it was time for lunch Mother called Tommy and Sally. They sat down at the table but did not seem to want their soup. They did not seem to want their lamb chops. They did not seem to want their potatoes.

"Would you like a gingerbread man for your dessert?" asked Mother.

"Oh, no. No!" they both answered together.

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